

## Filter The Harm, Weed Out Pleasure

**A**MONG THE SCIENTIFIC STRIDES which we shall not applaud is the development by the Atomic Energy Commission of a tobacco which grows on a tomato plant and contains no nicotine. Cancer or no, we have gone about far enough toward making tobacco taste like anything but tobacco. If the day arrives when filters remove 98 per cent of the tomato taste from cigarettes, it's time to quit.

Tobacco, let's face it, was never intended as a health food. It contains a drug, nicotine, which makes a good smoke relaxing, and which makes the smoking habit, like any drug habit, hard to break. Take away the nicotine and the strong tobacco flavor and the result is not tobacco. Of course, you might well be better off without tobacco. Life without smoking would undoubtedly be more healthful, less expensive and far simpler. So would life without whisky, women, or rich desserts. And who'd want it?

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## Smoke Is No Joke

### Blazing Bowl of Pipe Smokers Makes for a Red Hot Debate

By HUGH A. MULLIGAN

**NEW YORK (AP)** — Now that they have eradicated bubonic plague, dance marathons and the mosquitoes in the Jersey meadows, it's high time some high minded crusader took out after pipe smokers.

For centuries these peripatetic chimneys have gone unpunished while carelessly stewing hot ashes on the hearthstone of humanity.

The forgotten hero who dumped a bucket of water on Sir Walter Raleigh's initial attempt to introduce pipe smoking to Europe deserves better of history. He failed, but he had the right idea.

Mortal man seldom looks more ridiculous than when sucking on a noisome blazing bowl or groping feverishly in an oil silk sack for the fuel to feed a ludicrous habit that he cannot kick. By comparison, the cigarette smoker is an urbane sophisticate and the cigar smoker a paragon of dignity.

#### An Intellectual?

Yet it is the pipe smoker, rather than the man with the cigarette or cigar, who frequently is taken for an intellectual — a classic case of mistaking conflagration for cerebration. Behind the blue swirl of pipe smoke, there is seldom intellectual fire.

The smug chap pursing his lips on a pipe stem may give the impression of mulling over some problem in nuclear fission or pondering some sticky point in Aristotelean logic. Actually, all his physical and mental contortions are concentrated on keeping the absurd boiler beneath his nose going full blast. The fires within have been banked too long.

His thoughts at their deepest concern such titanic issues as whether to tamp down the tobacco tighter or fluff it up looser, and whether to reach into his pocket for a cotton reaming rod to scrape out his nicotine sewer in public.

The fact that the average pipe smoker can keep his counsel in a

heated discussion doesn't mean that he is any more prudent, tolerant or wordily wise than the rest too busy playing stoker to his facial furnace to hear or care about what is being discussed.

People in all walks of life, from tweedy college professors to seedy skidrow deadbeats, have been hiding behind a haze of hypocrisy for years, with nothing more on their minds than whether to puff hard or puff easy. An impatient world invariably mistakes their reticence for sagacity.

But not everyone is fooled.

#### Clubs Shun Smoker

Night club operators have learned long ago never to seat a pipe smoker at a ringside table. He will not only criticize the food, carp at the floorshow and censure the decor, but nine times out of 10 leave a tip that would make Silas Marner wince.

And only lately, airlines, buslines and a number of movie houses have put the damper on the pipe smoker, more out of concern for the peace and mind of the other customers than for their fire insurance premiums.

Housewives and hostesses, however, have been far more lenient. They foolishly expose their best damask draperies to the noxious fumes emanating from this walking smokestack and even suffer him to break an assortment of chimney sweep's tools at the table. These include various picking, patting, scraping, reaming and scouring devices, along with several standby pipes, pouches and stems.

The pipe smoker's ministrations at this point in the evening are just a cut above polishing a brass spittoon in public and only a shade less revolting than his habit of rubbing the bowl against his nose to lubricate the wood with his skin oils.

Old King Cole may have been a merry old soul, but life must have been miserable for his fiddlers three.

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